Narrow recipe i

once read you boil
fish for days & what's left
in the bottom of the stock pot
is...poetry, i thought

uh uh you hafta boil the pot
away also & the nothing that is
there & not there is poetry

sorta eliminating this & boys shy 1
& 20 standing on burning decks by old pagodas &
professors' suffocating numbers

& faggots popping up in hot-
house mil-yohs proclaiming sensitivity & Jesus,
everything else